

# GABBY HAYES

## WESTERN

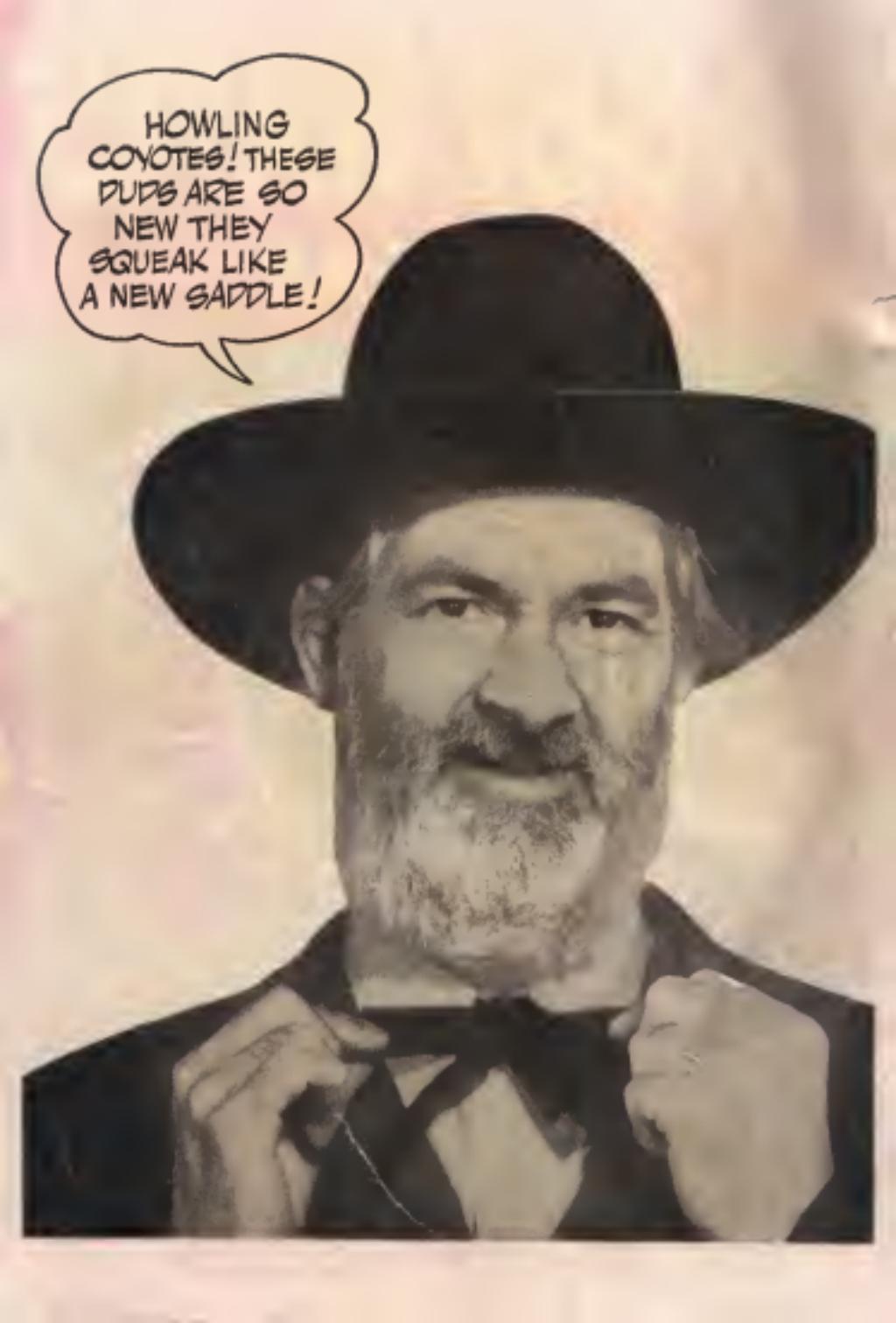
A Fawcett Publication

MARCH  
10¢  
NO. 4

TIPPY,  
YOU VARMINT!  
WHAT YUH CAUGHT  
AIN'T NUTHIN' TO  
WHAT YORE  
BRITCHES ARE  
GONNA KETCH!



IT'S ROOTIN' TOOTIN' SHOOTIN' LAUGH-  
RECROOTIN' COWBOY **GABBY HAYES AGAIN!**



HOWLING  
COYOTES! THESE  
DUDS ARE SO  
NEW THEY  
SQUEAK LIKE  
A NEW SADDLE!

# GABBY HAYES WESTERN

A Fawcett Publication

Executive Editor  
**WILL LIEBERSON**

Editor  
**ROY ALD**



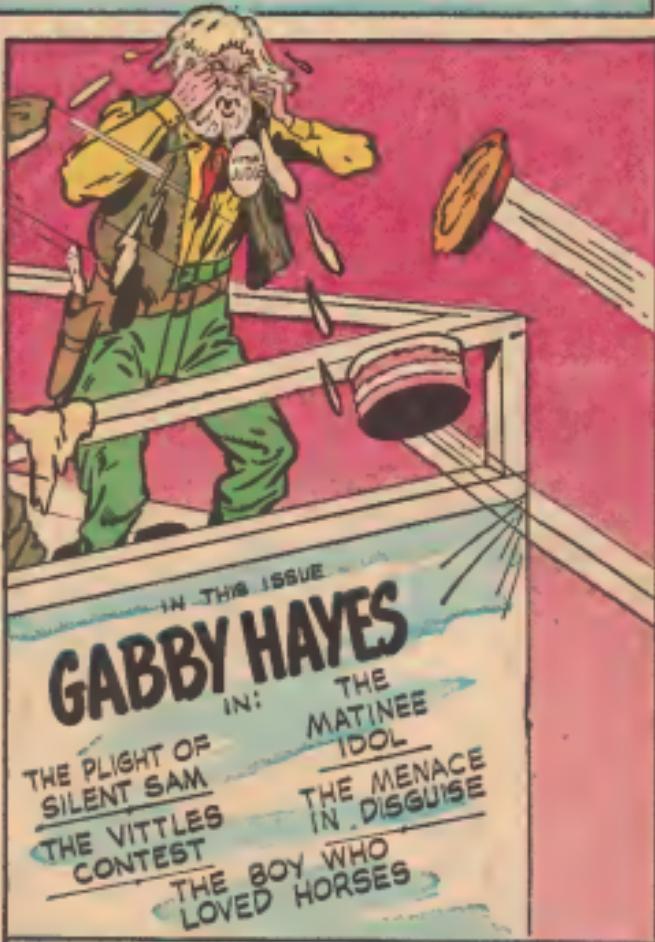
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- 
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- 
- WESTERN HERO
- 
- NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL
- 
- HOPALONG CASSIDY
- 
- GABBY HAYES WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

*W. H. Fawcett, Jr.*  
PRESIDENT



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# GABBY HAYES

THE PLIGHT OF  
*Silent SAM*

THE BRAKES DON'T WORK! WE'LL BE BLOWN TO BITS!

SILENT SAM, PER A FELLER WHO AIN'T SUPPOSED TO TALK, YEH DO A PILE O' YAPPING!



Sheriff SLIM DAGGLE is worried by a warning from another sheriff...



THE RAILROAD BANK IS BULGING!  
GOT OVER A MILLION BUCKOLONS IN IT -- AN'  
SILENT SAM WOULD LOVE TO CRACK IT!  
I GOTTA FIGGER SOME WAY TO STOP HIM!



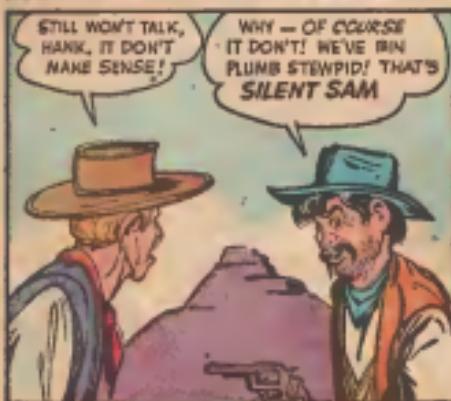
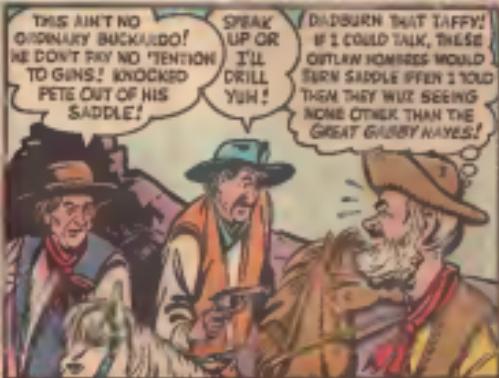
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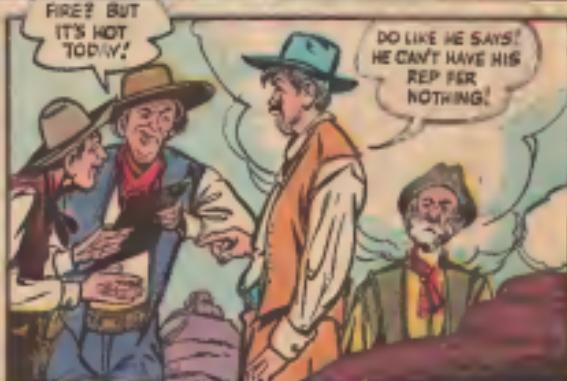
## GABBY HAYES WESTERN



AS GABBY FAILS ABOUT  
WILLY IN HIS ATTEMPT  
TO OPEN HIS MOUTH, HE  
ACCIDENTALLY SOCKS  
ONE OF THE OUTLAWS



## GABBY HAYES WESTERN



# GARRY HAYES WESTERN



## GABBY HAYES WESTERN



WHEN THE OUTLAWS RETURN,  
GABBY HAS FURTHER  
INSTRUCTIONS FOR THEM,

"GO AHEAD TO TOWN AND WAIT  
FOR THE DYNAMITE WAGON."

THAT DON'T SOUND SO BRILLIANT TO ME!



IMPOSTOR!  
YOU SHALL DIE! ...  
SILENT SAM.

RIDE AFTER YOUR GANG! WARN THEM  
THEY HAVE BEEN DESKED! I WILL  
FOLLOW! ...  
SILENT SAM.

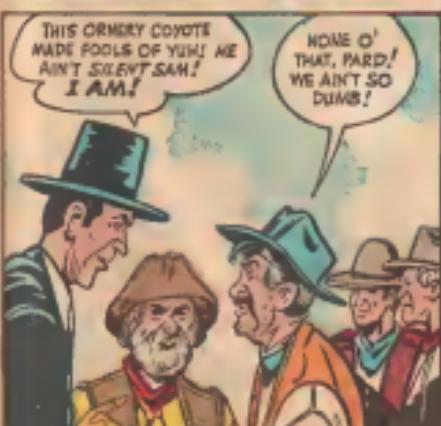
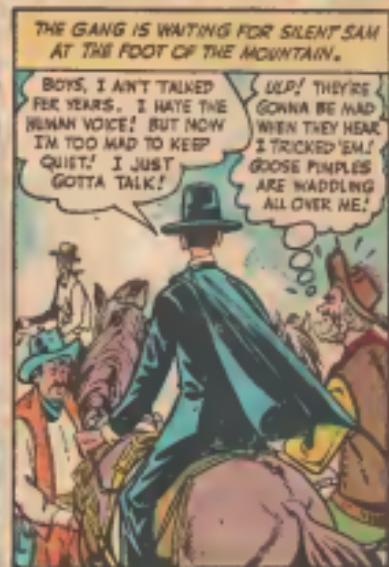
I'LL BE  
HORNWoggled!



GABBY HAYES WESTERN

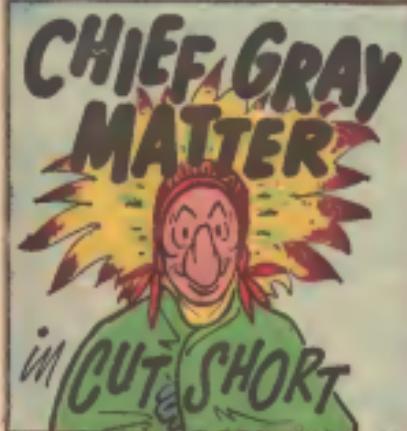


## GABBY HAYES WESTERN



## GABBY HAYES WESTERN





# GABBY HAYES

MATINEE  
IDOL



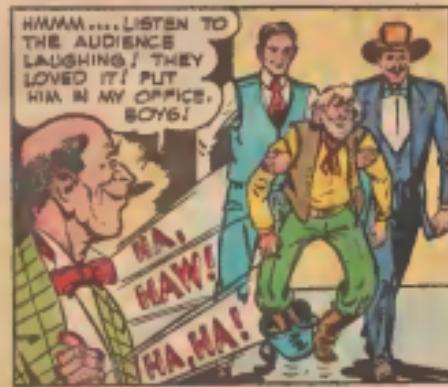
Wally Waglip's theatrical troupe has come to town for a one-night stand.....



## GABBY HAYES WESTERN



GABBY HAYES WESTERN



## GABBY HAYES WESTERN

GABBY BIDS FAREWELL TO THE BAR NOTHING RANCH AND HITS THE TRAIL FOR HIS NEW CAREER.

KINDA HATE TO LEAVE THE FOLKS, BUT I CAN'T AFFORD TO WASTE MUH TALENT ANY LONGER. CORKER!

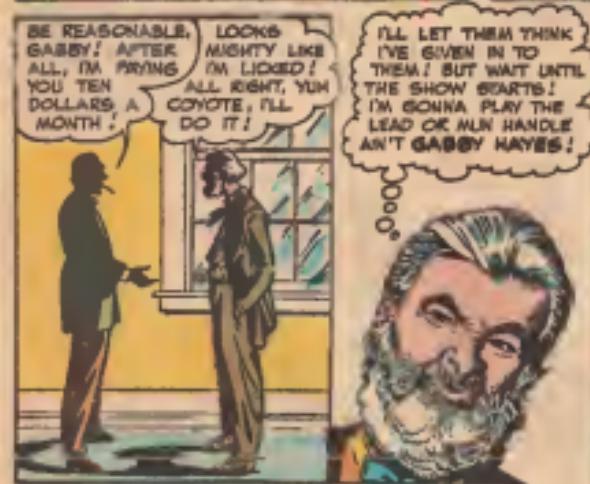
THE NEW ACTOR SHOWS UP AT THE ORE GAP THEATRE JUST BEFORE CURTAIN TIME.

I MADE A SACRIFICE, HERO! DON'T BE A SAW. BUT I EVEN GOT MUH WHISKERS CULED! YOU'RE GOING TO FULL THE SAME HICK ACT YOU DID RECKON ILL BE THE LAST NIGHT. BEST HERO THIS PLAY EVER HAD!

I'LL LARN THE HERO'S ROLE, MR. WASUP CAN'T WANT ME TO PLAY ANYTHING ELSE.



## GARRY HAYES WESTERN



# GABBY HAYES WESTERN

FIRST, I'LL GET RID OF  
THAT CORNEY ACTOR,  
THEN I'LL TAKE THE  
LEAD!

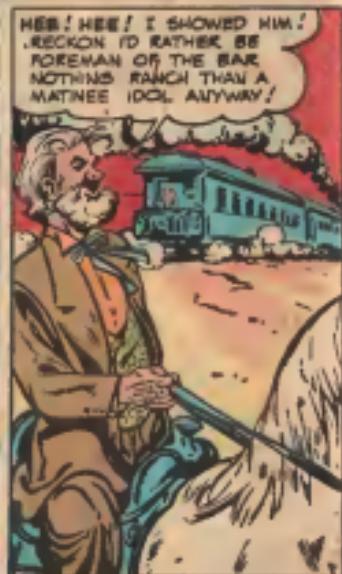


THIS SAND BAG  
WILL TAKE CARE OF  
THIS HAM ONCE AND  
FOR ALL!

NEVER, FEAR, LASS!  
FROM NOW ON WE TWO  
WILL MAKE BE-OOTIFUL  
MUSIC TOGETHER!



# GABBY HAYES WESTERN





(GRRR) I'M GONNA PUNCH YA RIGHT IN THE NOSE FOR LOSIN' IT! IT WUZ THE MOST INTERESTIN' STORY I HAD EVER STARTED TUH READ!

HOLD IT! I GOT ANOTHER BOOK TUH REPLACE IT!



HYAR, IT IS. NOW YUH KIM FINISH YORE STORY.

HUH? BUT THIS ISN'T THE SAME BOOK! IT'S A DICTIONARY!



I KNOW, BUT WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? ALL THE WORDS THET WERE IN YORE BOOK ARE IN THIS HYAR DICTIONARY--- ALL YUH HAVE TUH DO IS PUT THEM TOGETHER IN THE SAME WAY!

PLOP!



HI PALS! I KNOW YOU'LL WANT TO JOIN IN THE PARADE OF THE MARCH OF DIMES, ALONGSIDE YOUR FAVORITE COMIC HEROES---BY CONTRIBUTING ALL YOU CAN TO HELP FIGHT THIS DREAD DISEASE!

*Join the  
MARCH  
OF  
DIMES*

*Fight*

**INFANTILE  
PARALYSIS**

JANUARY 14-31

THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS





# THE STRANGER

A BUCK DESMOND Yarn

By Dick Kraus



**T**HIS MAN was big and heavy-shouldered. He hulked high and wide in the saddle, and his knees guided the chestnut horse along the trail with no help from the broad hands that lay across the saddle horn. Beside him Buck Desmond rode silently, his eyes on the mountains to the West, where the sky blazed crimson.

Buck looked over at the stranger. "Night is coming on," he said. "What time do you reckon it is?"

The big man reached in his waistcoat pocket. His powerful hand drew out a heavy gold watch. He looked at it and slipped the ornate timepiece back.

"Seven-o'clock," he said. "We'll make camp soon."

Silently, they rode on in the gathering dusk.

Buck Desmond had met the man that morning, as he rode down through the foothills of the Corilla Range. They were going in the same direction, so, as riders of the West often do, they took up the trail together. But as the hours passed beneath the glaring sun, Buck's traveling companion had not spoken.

Even when they paused east, in the mid-afternoon, he did not seem to want to talk. But once, when Buck looked up suddenly from the campfire he was tending, he caught the stranger watching him intently, his eyes cold and gray beneath bushy brows.

Now the man pointed a stubby finger ahead.

"See that grassy spot by the cottonwoods? We can camp there," he said.

The two men dismounted. As Buck built a fire and cooked grub, his taciturn companion staked out the horses. They ate without speaking. Now it was almost completely dark, with only the rising moon giving a faint silver glow to the scene.

Tired, Buck rolled himself in his blanket by the fire. His senses grew drowsy. He could hear the distant howl of a coyote, and the nearer incessant drone of the crickets. Soon, his eyes closed and he slept.

"Get up!" The voice was harsh and angry. "Stand up and git yore hands high! Hurry, yuh consarned outlaw!"

Bewildered, Buck Desmond opened his eyes.

He was still lying by the fire, which had almost completely gone out. The stranger was nowhere in sight, but standing over Buck in a grim semi-circle were five men. Their guns were leveled, and one of them carried a rope looped over his shoulder.

"W-what's this all about?" asked Buck, rising slowly to his feet. "If you're aiming to rob me, you'll find it isn't worth the trouble!"

"Rob you?" one of the men grunted belligerently. "Yo're pretty slick, ain't yuh? Stickin' up the stagecoach, an' figgerin' to git away along the Corilla trail? Well, it won't work! We're been following yuh all day an' half the night! Search him, Bob!"

One of the other men stepped forward, and roughly took Buck's gun from its holster. Then, swiftly, his hands explored the rambling cowboy's pockets. With a grin, he held one hand high. In it was a gleaming, heavy gold watch.

"Look," he exclaimed. "Banker Norton's watch! Norton said the holdup teller grabbed it from him!"

"But that's not mine!" Buck husked. "I was ridin' with a man—a stranger. It was his watch! We made camp and he must have planted the watch on me and ridden away in the night!"

The men laughed scornfully.

"Cain't yuh think of a better one?" their leader scorned. Then his tone changed. "Well, boys, this is it! We follered the critter all the way from where the coach was stopped. The watch proves he's the varmint that did it—the gun-crazy killer that shot Jim Moore. I say, let's not wait for the posse or for Norton to come up. Let's string him up now!"

"Right! Hang him as a warning!" "Fix a loop, Bob!" "Fast justice—that's the idea!"

**T**HE REALIZATION flashed through Buck Desmond's mind. The stranger he had ridden with through the day had deliberately framed him, left the watch in his pocket and galloped away through the night. And these men were taking the law into their own hands. Even now, one of them tossed a dangling loop over a low

## GABBY HAYES WESTERN

branch of the cottonwood. In a minute, he'd be dancing in air, unless . . .

"Unless I start moving now!" Buck grunted.

Whirling suddenly, he pulled loose from the man who'd had his arms pinioned. His fist sank deep into the belly of another captor. The man's guns spewed forth, and Buck clutched at the nearest one—too late!

"He's tryin' to git away! Grab him!"

Heavy hands clutched at Buck's arm, and a shot whistled past his head. But he was fighting for his life now, his tight-muscled arms flailing desperately as he strove to reach the revolver that lay on the ground before him.

Suddenly a voice interrupted the fight!

"What's goin' on here? Who's this feller, Martin?"

Another man on horseback had ridden right up to the fire's edge. At his words, the would-be lynchers fell back a pace. One of them kept his gunights on Buck's chest. "It's the feller who held up the coach, Norton. We found yore watch on him."

"On him?" the rider exclaimed. "Not by a long shot. The outlaw that took the loot and shot Jim Moore was twice as big as this man. Boys, you almost hung the wrong party!"

FIVE MINUTES later, Buck was in the saddle, riding hard to the South. Once the men had been convinced of his innocence, they apologized profusely. Then they'd swung onto their horses to take up the chase again. And Buck was the first one to spur his horse into a gallop.

The big stranger—whoever he was—had attempted to frame the wandering cowboy. Deliberately, he had left him to face a lynch-crazy mob . . . and had skulked away into the night. It was the kind of trick Buck could not forgive. There was a score to be settled.

Keen eyes peered at the trail ahead.

"This moonlight makes it just possible to make out his trail on the desert sand," Buck muttered. "And from the tracks, he's not riding too fast. Figured leaving the watch would throw off pursuit!"

Lips tightened, Buck quirted his horse. Faster and faster the big bay galloped, hooves churning over the rutted sand. A half-mile behind, Buck could barely see the other riders following. "They can come," he said to himself, "but this is going to be my party!" Even as he rode, one hand half-loosened the gun that was once again in his hip holster.

Buck's horse kept up the steady pace over a dry river bed, past clumps of mes-

quite, under the bright Western moon. Suddenly, as he urged the horse over a hillock, Buck half-rose in the saddle.

A few hundred yards ahead of him there was a rider—the husky stranger!

"C'mon, boy," Buck whispered to his mount. "Let's travel!"

The bay's glossy neck stretched out, and his stride lengthened. Racing down the slope, Buck was soon only one hundred yards behind his quarry.

At last the other man turned, roused to alarm by the drumming hoofbeats behind him. He drew his gun, fired once, twice! Buck bent low and quirted the bay into a furious gallop. Again shots whined past his head. Closer and closer he was coming. The revolver cracked again, and the cowboy could feel his horse flinch, as a fiery slug grazed his withers. But, gallantly, the bay kept going!

Now Buck was only a few paces behind the fugitive.

Now he was abreast of the other horse's flank. Now he was riding hard, next to him! From the corner of his eye, Buck could see the other man's cold gray eyes gleaming, could see his mouth twisted in an angry snarl. He was aiming his gun.

Buck's left foot left the stirrup. His right pressed down and he launched himself through the air at the other rider. He hit him hard. Together the two men were flung to the ground. Buck's iron-sinxed hands tightened on the outlaw's wrist, squeezed the black-barreled Colt away. Then his fists lashed through the air, hitting the outlaw on the jaw, the neck, the chest, furiously pounding him into submission.

The killer's head fell back. He was conscious. Exhausted and dazzled, Buck rose to his feet, just as the other riders came up.

"Yuh got him! Nice work, Desmond," one of them exclaimed. "Reckon that little necktie party we started with you can be finished with him."

Buck put one hand on the cold butt of his gun.

"NO YOU won't," he said softly. "The fact that you almost hung me, an innocent man, should have taught you a lesson. Guilty or not, we're saving this hombre for a judge and jury. He'll get what's coming to him . . . but it'll be legal!"

THE END

A hard-riding BUCK DESMOND story appears in every issue of GABBY HAYES WESTERN!

# GABBY HAYES

"THEY'S THAT CHIFFARD  
TH'S HUZ SO ROTTEN,  
MUL' TONGUE HAS  
ROLLED DYME ON  
IT'S BACK!"

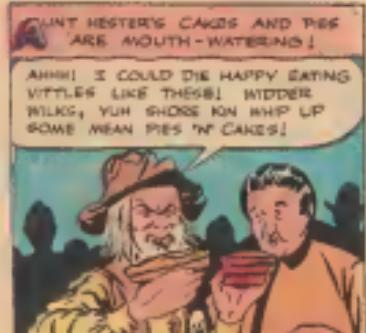
"The  
**VITTLES  
CONTEST**"



## GABBY HAYES WESTERN



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## GABBY HAYES WESTERN



GABBY HAYES WESTERN



# Tumbleweed JR.

IN THE  
"HIDE-OUT"

RIP

THIS  
DOUGHT TO  
BE GOOD!

Z-Z-Z-Z-Z



HA! HA!

RIP

P-LOP!

TUMBLEWEED, JR. PLAY  
LAST JOKE ON DRIPPING  
WATER! THIS TIME WE CATCH  
AND FIX YOU GOOD!

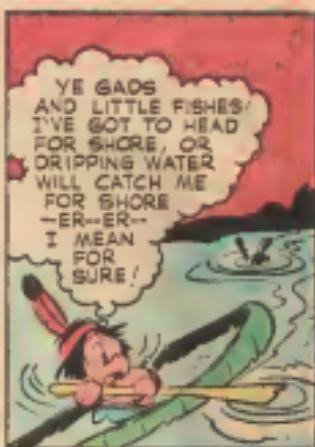


IN A FEW MINUTES  
YOU LAUGH FROM OTHER  
SIDE OF MOUTH!

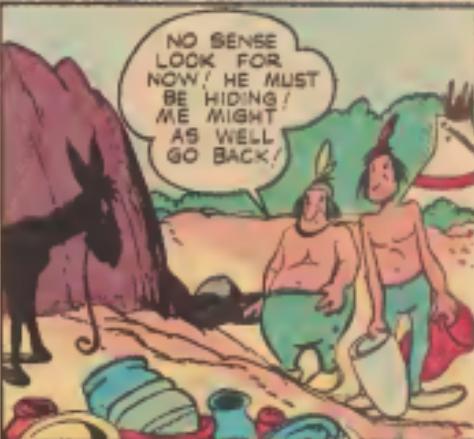
(GULP!)  
PLEASE DON'T  
SHOOT ME!



GABBY HAYES WESTERN



GABBY HAYES WESTERN





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appear every  
month in  
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WESTERN

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF  
THE MARVEL FAMILY  
IN

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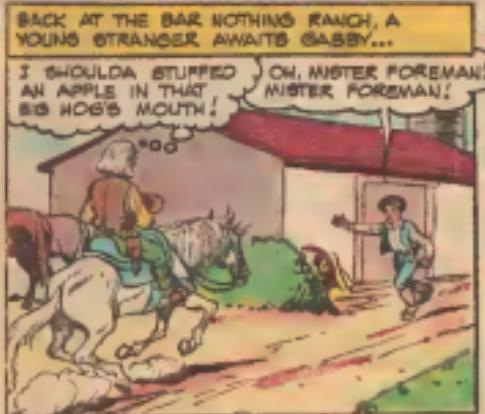


# GABBY HAYES

and THE BOY  
WHO LOVED  
HORSES !



## GABBY HAYES WESTERN



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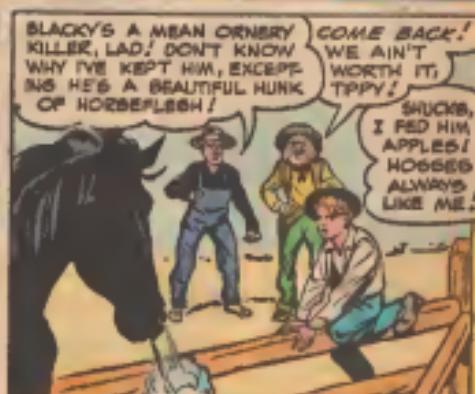
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## GABBY HAYES WESTERN

THE KILLER SATTERS NERVOUSLY AS  
TIPPY MOUNTS HIM!



THAT'S THE WAY! LET'S  
SHOW 'EM HOW TO TAKE  
THE FENCE!



(GULP!) POOR LITTLE FELLER! LOOKIT THAT



**BETTER DOWN  
HOBBY!**

WAHOO! HE'S DOING  
HE MADE IT! THE CRITTER,  
LOOKIT THE AMAZING!  
LEETLE SHAVER



TIPPY RACES TO TOWN AND  
FETCHES A DOCTOR--



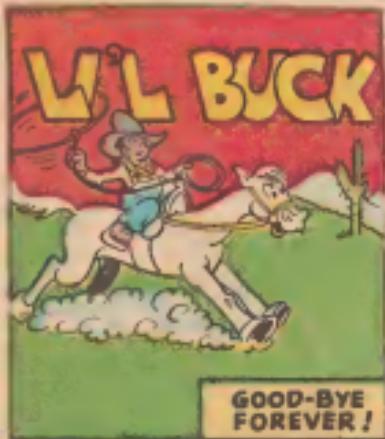
LATER, CLEM GOTZ CALLS AT THE BAR.  
NOTHING RANCH ---



THE BAR NOTHINS HAS A NEW HAND, HE'LL GIT SOUPRIME VITTLES AND BE NEAR TO HOSSES! THAT'S PLUMS DISAPPOINTING, BUT ANY TIME ANY OP YUH WANT APPLES, JUST HELP YOURSELF! INCIDENTALLY, LAD, BLACKY IS YOURLIPPIN YUH WANT HIM?



GABBY HAYES WESTERN



# LOCO LEW

IN THE SWIM-  
OF THINGS-

A MILLIONAIRE?  
WAL, TELL ME,  
WHUT WOULD YUH  
DO IF YUH REALLY  
WUZ THAT RICH?

WAL,  
FUST I'D  
BUILD  
MYSELF  
A GREAT  
BIG  
HOUSE.

THET'S GOOD SENSE.  
WHUT ELSE WOULD  
YUH DO?

I'D BUILD  
THREE  
SWIMMIN'  
POOLS!

I WUZ JUST PRETENDIN' TUH  
MYSELF I HAD BECOME  
A MILLIONAIRE!

IN THE SECOND POOL, I'D PUT  
WARM WATER FER MY FRIENDS  
THAT LIKE TO SWIM IN  
WARM WATER.

WHUT ABOUT  
THE THIRD  
SWIMMIN'  
POOL?

I'D LEAVE THET ONE WITHOUT WATER  
FER MY FRIENDS WHO DON'T LIKE  
TO SWIM!



# GABBY HAYES

HONED WORDS OF FLATTERY MIXED WITH A LARGE QUANTITY OF SMOKING GUNS; COVERED WITH THOUSANDS OF THUNDERING DEATH-DEALING HOOVERS; TRIMMED WITH HARD-LAUGHING STEEL FISTS AND SPINKLED WITH LAUGHS, PROPELS GABBY HAYES RIGHT INTO THE LIGHT WITH THE

## "Menace in Disguise"



MIGHTY NICE  
STOCK ON THE  
BAR. NOTHING  
SPREAD.

HEY! YOU AINT  
THINKING OF  
RAIDIN' THEM??



WHY NOT, BRICK?  
THE FOREMAN IS  
THAT OLE FOOL,  
GABBY HAYES.

PAUL FLATTER, YORE  
PLUMS LOCO IN THE  
HEAD!



# GABBY HAYES' WESTERN

GABBY DON'T COUNT,  
IT'S HIS ASSISTANT,  
FRED LARSON. HE'S  
PLenty TOUGH ON  
RUSTLERS!

I KNOW THAT, TOO,  
BRICK! BUT I'LL  
GIT RID O' FRED  
LARSON!

YOU A-BONNA  
PLUG HIM?

NO, TAKE MY PLACE. I'M  
AIMING TO BE GABBY'S  
NEW ASSISTANT!

MORNING'S EARLY LIGHT FINDS  
GABBY HAYES AND FRED  
LARSON DISCUSSING THE  
DAY'S WORK AHEAD.

AND  
ANOTHER  
THING, FRED...

HEY, GABBY! HERE  
COMES SOMEBODY!

COOTETY-COOTETY-

HO, HO!  
LOOKIT THE  
TENDERFOOT  
SIDE!

DON'T LAUGH!  
HE'S IN  
DANGER!

OWWWK!

POOP!

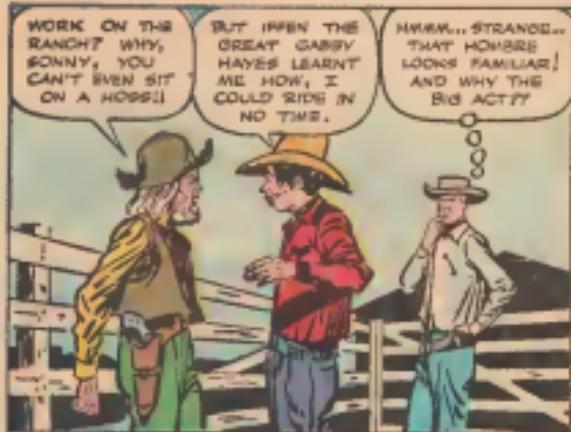
I CAN'T  
HELP  
LAUGHING!  
HO-HO-HO!

I KNOW YOU! YO'RE  
GABBY HAYES! THE  
GREAT GABBY HAYES!  
GOSH, MR. HAYES, YO'RE  
HANDSOMER THAN YORE  
PITCHER!

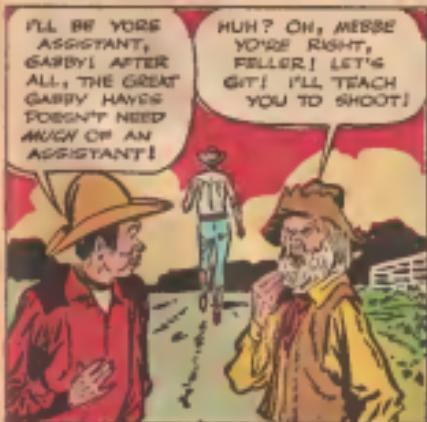
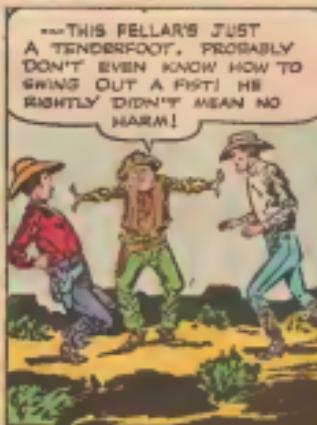
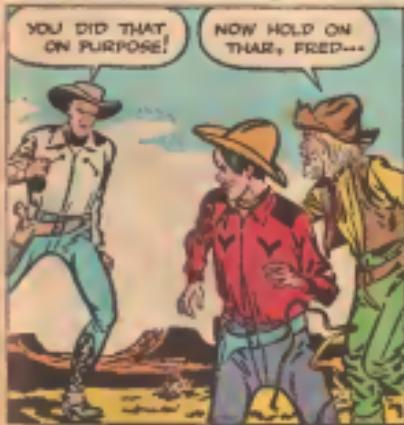
AHEN! ER... CONNIE, YOU  
SHOULDN'T FLATTER A  
MAN SO. ITAIN'T FITTING  
TO HAVE A MAN'S HEAD  
SWELLED UP!

ITAIN'T FLATTERY, MR.  
HAYES! YO'RE THE  
GREATEST HE-MAN OF  
THE WHOLE WEST! PLEASE,  
PLEASE LET ME STAY  
HERE AND WORK FOR  
YOU!

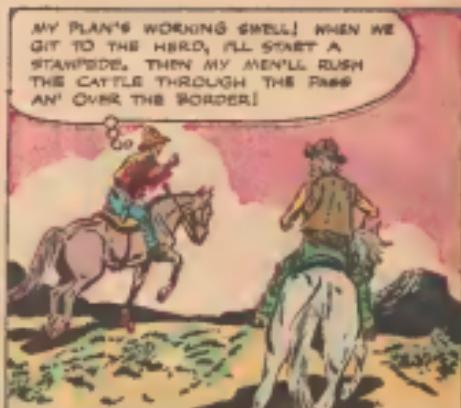
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## GABBY HAYES WESTERN



## GABBY HAYES WESTERN



# CACTUS BRAIN PAINT!



SO YO'RE  
THE ORNERY  
SKUNK WHO'S  
BEEN TRYING  
TO SELL ME  
SHAVING  
CREAM!